

AT THE FRONT WITH THE BOER

What a Yankee
Fighter Saw
There.

TURNER WRITES TO
THE ADVERTISER

He Is Now an Engineer at Oahu
Plantation Near
Honolulu.

Life has its amenities even in war time and in the midst of a hot campaign. The following sketches of incidents which actually took place during the Boer-English war in the Transvaal were written for the ADVERTISER by Francis J. Turner, a mining man from South Africa, who fought all through the fiercest of the war on the side of the Boer. Mr. Turner came to the Islands about a month ago from South Africa and is at present employed as an engineer at Oahu plantation.

One of the Remington scouts while out scouting one day alone in the Orange Free State came to a small farm; over the house a white flag was flying. Being thirsty he rode up to the door and seeing a young girl asked for a drink of water. The child ran in to her mother, who at once invited the scout indoors, coming out to him to come in. On entering the room he found a young woman weeping over a baby she had in her arms. He asked her reason for weeping. "My poor husband has been killed at Paardeburg," she replied, "and I only received news this morning."

So forcibly did this strike the scout that he could not keep back his tears. He told her he was the war would stop. He remained for some time trying to console the poor woman, forgetting for the time the war, and his safety. Suddenly looking towards the door he beheld two Boer scouts watching him. They had slipped quietly from their horses and had heard and seen all.

"We have caught you napping," one of them said smiling.

"Yes," he answered, "I admit you have; I am helpless, as my arms are on my saddle; you may do as you will."

The Boer who had addressed him—Du Plessis by name—then stepped inside, shook hands with the Britisher, and said: "No, you need not give up; I have seen that you are an honorable man with your heart in the right place. You may return to your lines in peace."

MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SPY.

A recent young Boer was on Brindisi Wacht (picket duty) one night outside Ladysmith. The password for this night was "Maxim." Hearing footsteps near him, he called out, "Vee dare?" meaning "Who's there?"

"Friend," came to reply.

"Halt, friend, and give the wacht woord," demanded the young Boer.

"Cannon," came the answer quickly.

The young farmer thought for a moment or two, then shouted, "All right; that's near enough, but it's Maxim."

Whoever the person was he challenged, spoke Dutch, and this fact alone assured the young Boer farmer. This occurred three nights previous to the attempt made by the British to destroy "Long Tom," the siege gun that proved such a source of annoyance to General Buller.

FAT PIG IN TWO PLACES.

Commandant Viljoen of the Lydenburg commando was very corpulent, measuring something like six feet around the waist. It happened that "fat pig" was the password one night. On this particular night the commandant took a notion to visit the picket lines. The first picketman he came upon happened to be a "fat pig" of the same name as the commandant.

"Who comes there?" rang out in the darkness of the night.

"Friend," replied Viljoen.

The sentry recognized the commandant's voice.

"Halt, friend, and give the password."

"Fat pig," shouted Viljoen.

The commandant passed, but swore vengeance on the sentry, whose voice he knew too well. The next morning our friend the sentry had five hours' pack drill.

IT WAS THE GENERAL.

A young officer came out of Ladysmith under a flag of truce early in December, 1899, bearing a written request from General Buller for an armistice. He was conducted to the commandant's headquarters, and taken into the official tent, where sat some seven or eight burghers conversing with the General. The officer's escort waited until the General ceased talking, before introducing the officer. In the meantime the young Briton became impatient, and asked his escort to take him at once to the commanding General, as his business was most important.

"All right," they answered, "that is the General sitting on the ground." The others were seated on camp stools.

The young officer could not credit this, and remarked, "You don't say so; impossible!"

"Impossible or not," they replied, "that's the General all right."

Not until the General assured him would he believe it. Returning to the lines, the young officer said to his escort: "You should come into Ladysmith, and see the difference between our General and yours."

"We should like well enough to see him, but then you forget there are no trains running."

The officer smiled at this, well knowing what they meant.

HAIL FELLOW, WELL MET.

When the Boers rushed to capture the guns, after the battle of Colenso, they found some 250 men concealed behind an embankment; they were under Colonel Buller, and were evidently there to try to save the guns that night. They could not see the Boers, as they (the Boers) had worked their way over to the river during the last charge by the enemy, and remained under cover. Should the British be driven back a fourth time, their orders were to capture the guns.

Imagine the surprise of the enemy to hear "Hands up!" yelled by at least 250 Boers.

The Boers had the drop on them and they were laying their arms down when

their commander drew his pistol and said, "I have not surrendered yet."

Before he could turn he was pincioned by one Boer and received a gentle rap on the head from another.

"Will you surrender now?" he was asked. He answered, "It's a case of do or die, and I guess I'll do."

On the way back to our camp he was introduced to Major McDermott, Colonel Bullock shook hands with them, remarking, "I don't know which was the hottest today, you fellows, the sun, or the Mauser bullets. But, never mind, it's all in a lifetime. Major," said he, "now I have in my bag a few biscuits and a nip of whisky; will you share it with me, for we're all men and white men, too, after all."

The sole was hanging from his left shoe, so McDermott ran to our camp and brought the Colonel a pair. Colonel Bullock highly complimented the Boers for the grit and endurance they had displayed since the commencement of the war. The Colonel is a fine specimen of the British soldier; in short, a hall fellow well met, even on the battle field; he was highly respected by the Boers at the camp and also by the officials at Pretoria.

HAD TO FACE THE MUSIC.

Captain Theron's scouts were noted for their abilities, both as scouts and marksmen. Six of them under Lieutenant Enslin were out beyond Tafel Kop, between Bloemfontein and Brandfort one day last April, when they came across some sixteen to twenty mounted Britishers.

Enslin ordered his men to make for cover, but before they reached they had to turn around and face the music. The enemy, having better horses, had quickly lessened the distance and began peppering at Enslin and his men. Enslin not wishing to be shot running, gave the word to turn and let them have it. At the end of twenty minutes this little squad was heading for Brandfort with four prisoners (wounded, three of whom were officers). One of the officers admitted that at least nine of their outfit had been hit. He also stated that owing to lack of good scouts on their side, the officers were often called upon for this to them—most unpleasant duty.

JOUBERT WAS KINDEHEARTED.

General Joubert was a most sincere and thoughtful man; he was extremely just and kindhearted. Rather than punish a man for an offense committed at the front he would send him back to his regiment, or if he had been a prisoner, he would be sent back to his regiment.

This was a terrible blow to Captain Larceny, to be made a common soldier just because he forgot to come back a little sooner. However, the Colonel complained that Larceny since his degradation was striving to stir up trouble in the camp, etc., and the Colonel wanted him punished.

"Oh, I don't think that is necessary," replied the General, "if he is a man of that sort I will show you how I will punish him, or I am greatly mistaken."

The General then told Mr. Stijmens to write the following letter, which the Colonel should hand to Larceny in person, and not let him know that he—the Colonel—had made any complaint whatever. I was myself sworn to secrecy for the time.

Hooft Langer, December 20, 1899.

To Captain Larceny.

Sir: You will at once proceed to Johannesburg and raise a corps of one hundred men. When you are fully equipped, when your corps is ready you will immediately report to me by wire and I shall send you on special work in the vicinity of Coloburg, C. C.

I have the honor, etc.,

W. J. JOUBERT.

Some time afterwards Larceny discovered that he had been nicely and quietly bounced. Somebody told me long afterwards that he saw poor Larceny trying to raise the corps. But, alas! he was not born to be an organizer of men.

WHAT THE IRISH DID.

The famous battle of Madderpruit which took place on the 30th of October, 1899, was won solely by the Johannesburg police and the little Irish Brigade. The average country Boer was so ignorant of artillery that they were actually afraid to help carry ammunition to the guns when called upon to do so. The British guns were making a very hot for us, and being short of artillerymen, the burghers were called out to carry shells to the guns, a distance of about 250 yards. Our guns had used all the ammunition that was on the kopje. I heard several of the burghers say to their commandant, "What? Carry those things? Not me!"

So afraid were they that the shells might explode while in their arms. The police were having a hot time of it, and had not some of the Irish Brigade volunteered to carry the shells to the guns, we certainly would have lost the day.

There were no less than 450 holes around one of our guns caused by the enemy's shelling. The Irish Brigade lost two men while carrying the shells—one man, Hugh Carberry, had almost one-half of his head taken off by a shell; the other was a young fellow not twenty years old, Thomas Oates by name, son of Captain Oates of Johannesburg, who was afterwards captain of the Second Irish Brigade. Speaking to some of the burghers the following day, they told me they were willing to do anything in the fighting line, but they would have nothing to do with those bursting bombs.

THE MORNING INSPECTION.

The morning inspection was one of the most amusing events of our daily routine. Wet or dry we would be called to muster something in the following style: "Now this boys, fall in for inspection arms. Come along men, hurry up!" Here Boerant Dunville Melville would call "Go around there and get them out!" Then Dunville would rush around shouting, "Are you fellows going to fall in or not? Why can't you come when you're told?"

Finally after much persuasion the Brigade would manage to get into some sort of a crooked line. This zigzag line swayed to and fro, with all the officers in front, stroking their beards, while one sergeant would call the roll, a very trying ordeal, as each man's name would have to be repeated several times before getting an answer.

Every one chatted and paid attention to anything but the roll call.

"Why don't you answer, Connor?" the sergeant would say.

"Sure, and didn't I answer ya?" Connor would answer, "Pshaw! the drill's the matter with ya anyway!"

This was all the satisfaction the poor sergeant would get after calling Connor's name about a dozen times.

After the roll call the order would be

inspection arms. The sergeant would then come along the line to inspect our weapons; the chances were the first man would have his rifle cocked up at an angle of eighty degrees, and if the sergeant wanted to look down the bore of that rifle would have to jump about three feet off the ground, grab the rifle and pull it down in order to see if the barrel was clean, the chance being that Murphy, or whoever he might be, would have the switch block closed.

"Open the block," the sergeant would say.

"Arrah go on wild ye, and don't make me tired, me gun's clean enough," would be the retort.

STORM TO WINDWARD.

Other side of the Island was Drenched and Windswept.

The J. A. Cummins brought news of the damage done by the storm on the other side of the Island. Roofs were blown off houses at Kaneohe, rice fields swept out to sea, the old fish pond at Kaneohe washed away and the fish released, entailing quite a loss to the owners.

The flume that supplies water to run the water wheel of Ah Lo's rice mill was also blown down.

The Waimanalo plantation is rejoicing because the downpour has proved a blessing to them and they now luxuriate in plenty of water.

TO CARE FOR TOTS
OF WORKWOMEN

Day Nursery Will Be Established by Kindergarten Folks in Honolulu

The Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Society is about to open a day nursery, where working mothers for a nominal daily fee can leave their little children during the day, while they are out at work. The necessary money for starting this work has been secured outside of the regular funds of the association, and steps are being taken to begin work at once.

A committee consisting of Mrs. Gilbert Whitney, Mrs. Jonathan Shaw, Mrs. G. H. Otis, Mrs. Philip Frear and Mrs. McDonald have been appointed, and they will proceed at once to make definite plans as to location and regulations.

During the past year and a half numerous calls for a day nursery have been made. Judging from the number of babies sent to kindergarten in charge of brothers and sisters hardly out of babyhood themselves, a place where the little ones may be left in safety will be welcomed by many a working mother. May this new work find the same encouragement and support that work for children has heretofore found in Honolulu.

DON'T NEGLECT

A Common Case of Piles—It may Lead to Serious Results.

(From the Sydney Herald.)

When people generally understand that all such fatal diseases as fistula, ulcer of the rectum, fissure, etc., almost invariably begin in a simple case of piles, they will learn the wisdom of taking prompt treatment for the first appearance of trouble in this quarter. Doan's Ointment will certainly cure every form of piles—itching, bleeding, protruding, or blind piles—and hundreds of lives have been saved by using this cheap, effective remedy right at the start, because at such a time a single pot will effect a cure, while in the old chronic, deep-seated cases, several pots are sometimes necessary before a lasting cure is effected. Here is a case:

Mr. William Gilliver, of the well-known firm of Gilliver & Curtis, railway and general contractors, and whose private address is "Avoca," Bankstown, has written the following unsolicited letter, which we herewith publish in full:

Messrs. Foster-McClellan Co., 76 Pitt St., Sydney, N. S. W., February 14, 1899.

Dear Sirs:—In justice to you and suffering humanity I write to say that I suffered from itching piles for 22 years. I tried many doctors and pretty well all kinds of patent medicines, but got relief for a short time only. Seeing your Ointment advertised I bought a pot and did not use more than one-half of it, not six months ago, and I am perfectly cured. You may use this as you wish.

Yours gratefully,
WILLIAM GILLIVER.

It cannot be repeated too often that Doan's Ointment will cure itching piles. IT WILL CURE THEM ABSOLUTELY. But do not take the manufacturer's word for this; ask or write Mr. Gilliver; he knows, for it cured him, and he lives in Bankstown, a suburb 12 miles from Sydney. Is not that the best possible kind of proof? Could there be better?

Doan's Ointment is sold by all dealers at 50 cents per box or will be mailed on receipt of price by the Hollister Drug Co., Honolulu, agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

OVER HALF A BILLION.

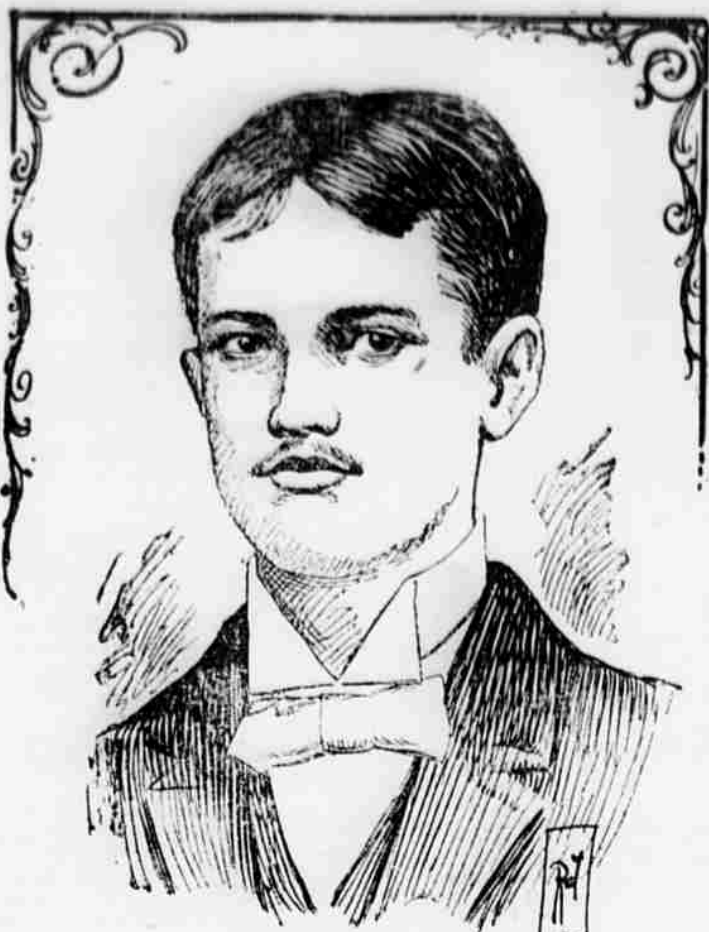
Gigantic Wealth of the Standard Oil Combine.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Standard Oil certificates were quoted to-day at \$700 bid, none offered, as against \$655, yesterday's mark and until to-day, the highest on record. The par value of the company's entire outstanding stock is \$75,000,000 and \$700 per share indicates a market value of \$52,500,000. During this year the company has paid \$16,500,000 in dividends.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY IN CHICAGO.

Higgin Brothers, the popular South Side druggists, corner Sixty-ninth and Westchester avenues, say: "We sell a great deal of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and find that it gives the most satisfactory results, especially among children for severe colds and croup." For sale by all dealers and druggists. Huggins, Smith & Co., 124, agents, N. Y.

WILL BE SECRETARY TO
WILCOX AT WASHINGTON



D. KALAUKOKALANI, JR.

D. KALAUKOKALANI JR., has been appointed private secretary to R. W. Wilcox. He is the son of Senator Kalaauokalani, president of the Independent Home Rule party, and a young man of ability. Mr. Kalaauokalani Jr., was born in Honolulu, Oahu, January 21, 1874. Soon after his birth his parents removed to Maui, and later to Molokai. At the latter place D. Kalaauokalani Jr., then eight years old, attended a Government school. In '82 he was sent to St. Louis College, where he remained ten years, and where he was graduated in '92. The class was memorable for it was the first graduating class of that institution. Among some of the members of the class were Peter Nauai, James Lane, Frank Kurota and John Crowder Jr. In September of '92 D. Kalaauokalani Jr., entered Oahu College, graduating in '97.

Young Kalaauokalani was then employed by Howard & Train, architects. He remained with them two years and four months, studying architecture, after which time he left and started an architectural business of his own. The early part of this year Mr. Kalaauokalani entered the law office of T. McCants Stewart, where he is a present. He was one of the representative candidates on the Independent ticket for the Fourth District at the last election.

Lord Roberts states that "the most malleable falsehoods were spread by van, is accused of making contracts with convicted offenders, and of setting the brutality of Great Britain's soldiers, at naught the provisions of the charter whenever it interfered with his that they had nothing to fear from the man in khaki, no matter how but to the attention of District Attorney tered and war-stained his appearance." Blyington.

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